

VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
*Caliente*.COM

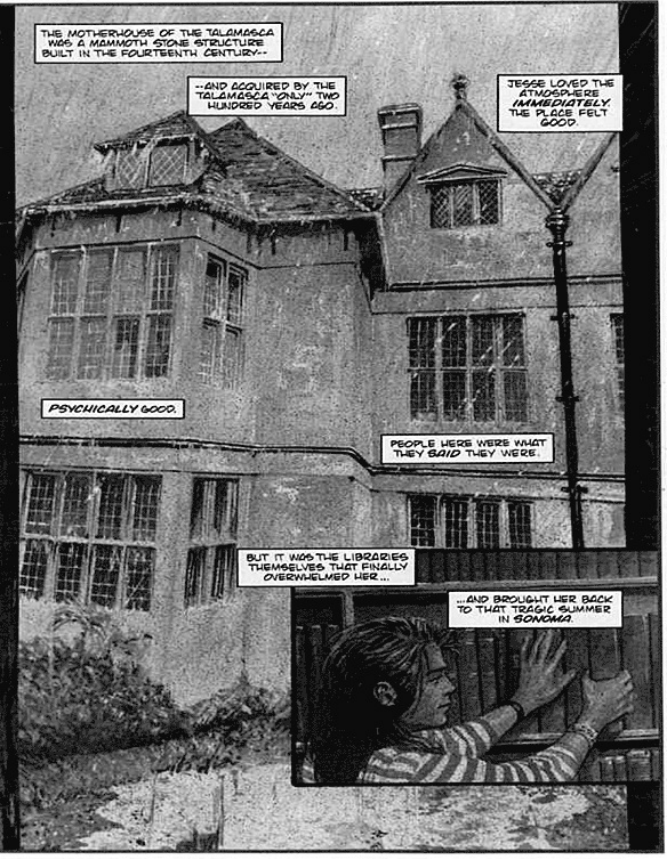
**INNOVATION** | 5

5 2" U.S./1.5" Can

Not Intended for children

*Anne Rice's*  
**THE QUEEN OF THE DAMNED™**





THE MOTHERHOUSE OF THE TALAMASCA  
WAS A MAMMOTH STONE STRUCTURE  
BUILT IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY--

--AND ACQUIRED BY THE  
TALAMASCA "ONLY" TWO  
HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

JESSE LOVED THE  
ATMOSPHERE  
IMMEDIATELY.  
THE PLACE FELT  
GOOD.

PSYCHICALLY GOOD.

PEOPLE HERE WERE WHAT  
THEY SAID THEY WERE.

BUT IT WAS THE LIBRARIES  
THEMSELVES THAT FINALLY  
OVERWHELMED HER ...

...AND BROUGHT HER BACK  
TO THAT TRAGIC SUMMER  
IN SONOMA.





BITS AND PIECES OF THAT  
LAST NIGHT TORMENTED  
HER FOR YEARS.

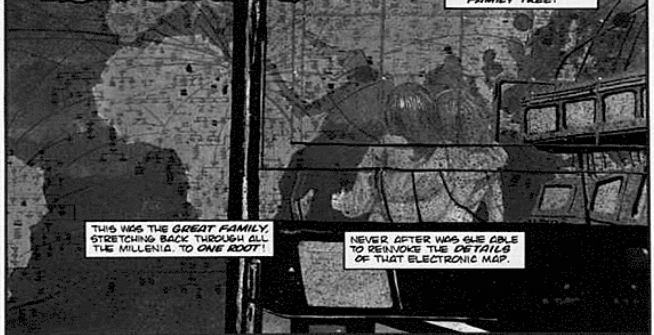
OH, GOD, HOW SHE  
HAD TRIED TO  
RECALL AFTER.



THEY HAD MOVED THROUGH THE  
DARK HOUSE TOGETHER, LIKE  
GHOSTS, SHE AND MAHARET.

MAHARET'S BODY FELT  
LIKE STONE THAT  
COULD BREATHE.

THEY WERE HIGH UP IN  
THE MOUNTAIN, IN A  
SECRET ROOM, AND THERE,  
ON THE WALL, WAS AN  
ENORMOUS ELECTRONIC  
FAMILY TREE.



THIS WAS THE GREAT FAMILY  
STRETCHING BACK THROUGH ALL  
THE MILLENNIA, TO ONE ROOT!

NEVER AFTER WAS SHE ABLE  
TO REINVOKE THE DETAILS  
OF THAT ELECTRONIC MAP.

BUT NOW, HERE AT THE MOTHERHOUSE,  
JESSE HAD FOUND A  
REPLACEMENT FOR THE TREASURES  
OF THAT LOST SUMMER.

SHE HAD FOUND ANOTHER  
"GREAT FAMILY."

# the talamasca

based on the novel by anne rice  
adapted and edited by faye perozich  
painted by o.j. carriello  
lettered by vickie williams  
cover painting by daerick gross, sr.



IT WAS A MONTH BEFORE  
JESSE WROTE TO MAHARET  
OF HER DECISION.

SHE POURED OUT HER SOUL IN  
HER LETTER. SHE LOVED THESE  
PEOPLE AND THEIR WORK.

MAHARET'S ANSWER  
ASTONISHED HER.

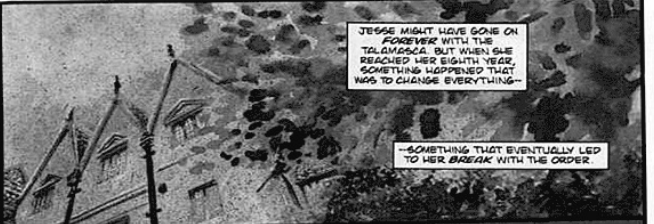
In sum, I am arguing that,  
except for comforting a few confused  
souls here and there, the Talamasca  
compiles records of things that are not  
important and should not be important.  
The supernatural, in whatever form it  
is, should not interfere in human  
affairs.

I love you. I respect your  
vision. But I hope that you tire of  
Talamasca-- and return to the  
real world--very soon.

Your Aunt  
Maharet

MAHARET CONTINUED TO WRITE TWICE  
AND THREE TIMES A WEEK. BUT AS  
THE YEARS PASSED, IT WAS JESSE  
WHO GREW DISTANT.

THE TALAMASCA SOON  
BECAME JESSE'S LIFE.



JESSE MIGHT HAVE GONE ON FOREVER WITH THE TALAMASCA. BUT WHEN SHE REACHED HER EIGHTH YEAR, SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT WAS TO CHANGE EVERYTHING--

--SOMETHING THAT EVENTUALLY LED TO HER BREAK WITH THE ORDER.

JESSE'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS UP TO THAT POINT HAD BEEN IMPRESSIVE, BUT SHE HAD SELDOM SPOKE TO THE GOVERNING COUNCIL OF THE TALAMASCA.

SO WHEN DAVID TALBOT, HEAD OF THE ENTIRE ORDER, CALLED HER UP TO HIS OFFICE IN LONDON, SHE WAS SURPRISED.

JESSE WAS BEING OFFERED A VERY DIFFERENT SORT OF ASSIGNMENT.



Anne Rice  
GIVER OF THE FLESH OF ALL SAINTS  
Interview With The Vampire



I WANT YOU TO READ THIS BOOK



I HAVE READ  
IT. A COUPLE OF  
YEARS AGO.

BUT WHAT  
DOES A NOVEL LIKE  
THIS HAVE TO DO  
WITH US?



THE  
BOOK ISN'T  
FICTION.



THE PURPOSE OF  
CREATING IT IS UNCLEAR, AND  
THE ACT OF PUBLISHING  
IT, EVEN AS A NOVEL, HAS US  
RATHER ALARMED.

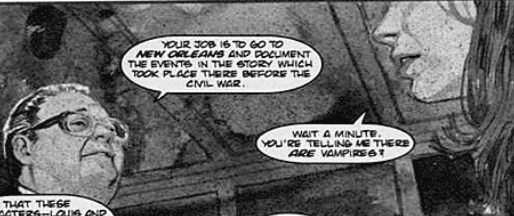
THE AUTHOR'S NAME  
IS A PSEUDONYM, AND  
THE ROYALTY CHECKS GO  
TO A NOMADIC YOUNG MAN  
WHO RESISTS ALL OUR  
ATTEMPTS AT CONTACT.

NOT FICTION?  
I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.



BUT THAT'S  
NEITHER HERE  
NOR THERE AT THE  
MOMENT.





YOUR JOB IS TO GO TO  
NEW ORLEANS AND DOCUMENT  
THE EVENTS IN THE STORY WHICH  
TOOK PLACE THERE BEFORE THE  
CIVIL WAR.

WAIT A MINUTE.  
YOU'RE TELLING ME THERE  
ARE VAMPIRES?

THAT THESE  
CHARACTERS--LOUIS AND  
LESTAT AND THE  
LITTLE GIRL CLAUDIA--  
ARE REAL?

YES,  
EXACTLY.

JESSE HAD NO TROUBLE  
REMEMBERING ARMAND. THE  
ENTIRE NIGHTMARISH  
QUALITY OF THE BOOK WAS  
COMING BACK TO HER.

AND DON'T FORGET  
ABOUT ARMAND, THE MENTOR  
OF THE THEATRE DES VAMPIRES  
IN PARIS. YOU DO REMEMBER  
ARMAND.

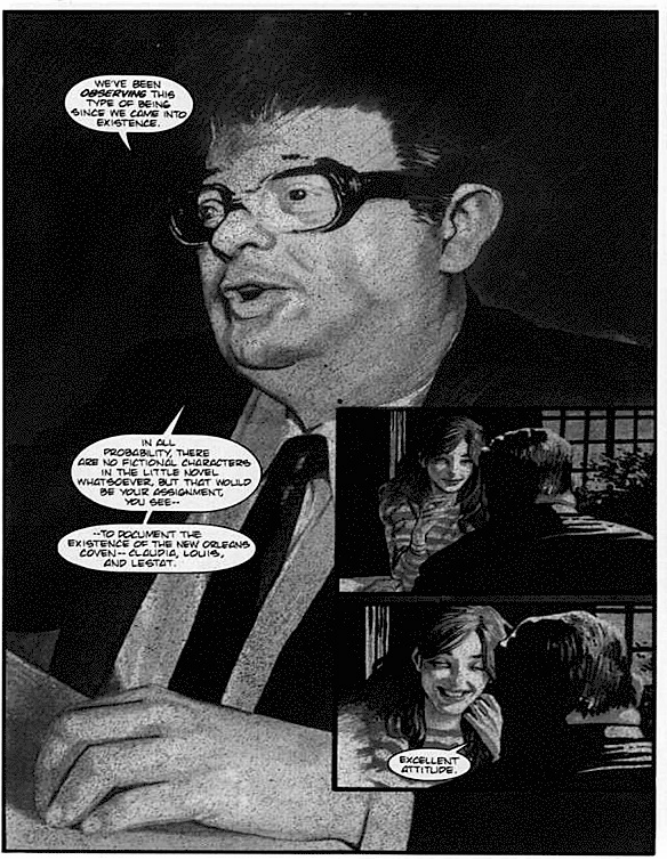
ESPECIALLY THE  
PARTS THAT DEALT  
WITH CLAUDIA.

CLAUDIA HAD DIED IN  
THE THEATER OF THE  
VAMPIRES.

THE COVEN, UNDER  
ARMAND'S COMMAND,  
HAD DESTROYED  
HER.

DAVID, AM I  
UNDERSTANDING YOU  
CORRECTLY? YOU'RE SAYING  
THESE CREATURES  
EXIST?

ABSOLUTELY.

A large black and white panel showing a man with glasses and a suit, speaking. He is looking slightly to the left. A speech bubble is above him.

WE'VE BEEN  
OBSERVING THIS  
TYPE OF BEING  
SINCE WE CAME INTO  
EXISTENCE.

IN ALL  
PROBABILITY, THERE  
ARE NO FICTIONAL CHARACTERS  
IN THE LITTLE NOVEL  
WHATSOEVER, BUT THAT WOULD  
BE YOUR ASSIGNMENT,  
YOU SEE--

--TO DOCUMENT THE  
EXISTENCE OF THE NEW ORLEANS  
COVEN-- CLAUDIA, LOUIS,  
AND LESTAT.





WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO BE TOO IMAGINATIVE OR TRUSTING.

BUT THIS FIELD REQUIRES GREAT CARE, JESSE, AND STRICT OBEDIENCE TO THE RULES.



BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT THIS IS AN AREA WHICH CAN BE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

YOU ARE CERTAINLY FREE TO TURN DOWN THE ASSIGNMENT RIGHT NOW.



I'M GOING TO START LAUGHING AGAIN.



BEFORE YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND, WE'LL EXAMINE CERTAIN **ARTIFACTS** PERTAINING TO THESE CREATURES WHICH WE HAVE IN THE **VAULTS**.



LET'S GO.



THERE WERE SCORES  
OF ROOMS BENEATH  
THE MOTHERHOUSE  
TO WHICH TESSE  
HAD NEVER BEEN  
ADMITTED...

...THOUSANDS OF ARTIFACTS  
SHE HAD NOT YET SEEN.

ALL THIS  
PARAPHERNALIA IS  
CONNECTED IN SOME  
WAY TO OUR BLOOD-  
DRINKING IMMORTAL  
FRIENDS.



THEY TEND TO BE  
A RATHER MATERIALISTIC  
LOT, ACTUALLY, AND  
THEY LEAVE BEHIND THEM ALL  
SORTS OF REFUSE.



IT IS NOT  
UNKNOWN FOR THEM TO  
LEAVE AN ENTIRE HOUSE-  
HOLD, COMPLETE WITH  
FURNISHINGS--

--WHEN THEY TIRE  
OF A PARTICULAR LOCATION  
OR IDENTITY.



BUT THERE  
ARE SOME SPECIFIC  
THINGS WHICH I MUST  
SHOW YOU.

IT WILL ALL BE  
RATHER CONCLUSIVE,  
I SHOULD THINK.



WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?

THE ORDER ACQUIRED IT CENTURIES AGO. OUR EMBASSY IN VENICE RETRIEVED IT FROM A BURNT-OUT VILLA ON THE GRAND CANAL.

THESE VAMPIRES ARE ENDLESSLY ASSOCIATED WITH FIRES, BY THE WAY.

IT IS THE ONE WEAPON THEY CAN USE EFFECTIVELY AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.

BUT LOOK AT THIS BOY CAREFULLY. IT'S THE BOY WE'RE DISCUSSING NOW.

AND SO, IT MEANT "ONE WHO LOVES GOD."

HE WAS A HANDSOME CREATURE, ALL RIGHT.

NOW LOOK AT THIS.



THIS IS THE SAME BOY!

HERE'S AN  
ENGLISH JOURNAL FROM  
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.  
THERE'S AN ARTICLE  
ABOUT THE BOY...

...AND ABOUT HIS  
THEATER OF THE  
VAMPIRES.



THE THEATER  
OF THE VAMPIRES?  
WHY, THIS IS ARMAND,  
THE CHARACTER IN  
THE NOVEL!



PRECISELY. COUNTLESS  
MEMOIRS DESCRIBE THE  
THEATER. WE HAVE THE  
DEEDS TO THE PROPERTY,  
AS WELL.



AND THE NAME  
OF THE OWNER OF  
THE THEATER  
IS LESTAT DE  
LIONCOURT.

THIS IS  
VERIFIED?



IT'S ALL  
IN THE FILE. YOU  
MUST GO OVER  
EVERYTHING, OF  
COURSE.



AND THE  
NOVEL--DO READ  
IT AGAIN.

CAREFULLY.



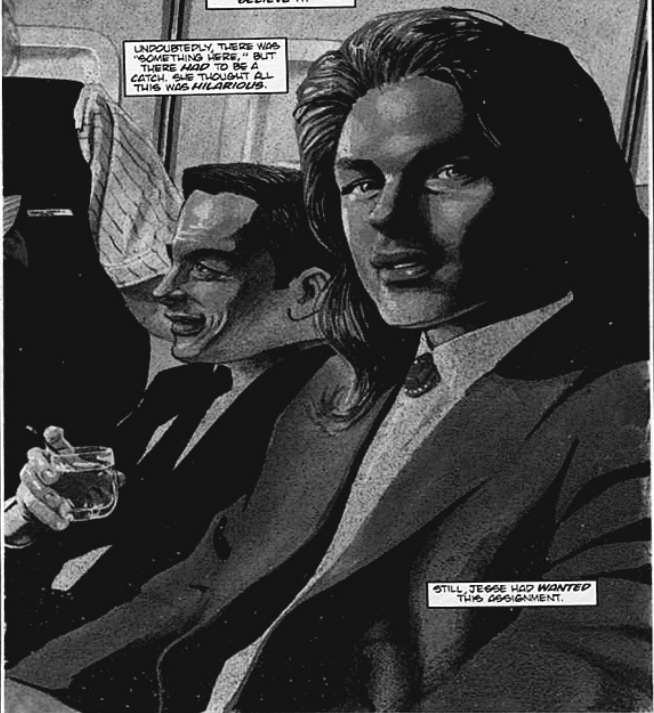
BY THE END OF THE WEEK,  
JESSE WAS ON HER WAY  
TO NEW ORLEANS.

SHE WAS TO *DOCUMENT* THE NOVEL,  
USING ANYTHING SHE COULD FIND  
TO SUPPORT THE THEORY THAT THE  
CHARACTERS AND EVENTS WERE REAL.

BUT JESSE STILL DIDN'T  
*BELIEVE* IT.

UNDOUBTEDLY, THERE WAS  
"SOMETHING HERE," BUT  
THERE *HAD* TO BE A  
CATCH. SHE THOUGHT ALL  
THIS WAS *HILARIOUS*.

STILL, JESSE HAD *WANTED*  
THIS ASSIGNMENT.







ON HER WAY TO THE AIRPORT,  
DAVID HAD ASKED HER *WHY*.

IF YOU CAN'T ACCEPT  
WHAT I'M TELLING YOU, THEN  
WHY DO YOU WANT TO INVESTI-  
GATE THE BOOK?

THERE IS  
SOMETHING *OBSCENE*  
ABOUT THIS NOVEL. IT  
MAKES THE LIVES  
OF THESE BEINGS SEEM  
*ATTRACTIVE*.

YOU DON'T  
REALIZE IT AT  
FIRST--

--IT'S A  
NIGHTMARE AND  
YOU CAN'T GET  
OUT OF IT.

THEN ALL OF  
A SUDDEN YOU'RE  
COMFORTABLE  
THERE. YOU WANT  
TO REMAIN.

EVEN  
THE TRAGEDY OF  
*CLAUDIA*  
WON'T REALLY A  
DETERRENT.

AND?

I WANT  
TO PROVE IT'S  
FICTION.

THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE  
TALAMBOCA, ESPECIALLY COMING  
FROM A TRAINED INVESTIGATOR.



JESSE'S FIRST FEW DAYS IN NEW ORLEANS WERE THE **STRANGEST** IN HER ENTIRE PSYCHIC CAREER.

THE CITY HAD A TENACIOUS **COLONIAL** FLAVOR THAT CHARMED HER AT ONCE, YET EVERYWHERE JESSE WENT, SHE "FELT" THINGS.

THE ENTIRE PLACE SEEMED TO BE **HAUNTED**, EVEN THE **FRENCH QUARTER** STREETS, CROWDED WITH TOURISTS, HAD A SENSUOUS AND **SINISTER** ATMOSPHERE.

AND SHE AWOKE EACH MORNING DIMLY AWARE THAT SHE'D DREAMED OF THE VAMPIRE CHARACTERS, AND OF MAHARET.

THEN, FOUR DAYS INTO HER INVESTIGATION, SHE MADE A SERIES OF DISCOVERIES THAT SENT HER DIRECTLY TO THE PHONE.



LESTAT DE LIONCOURT  
Nouri Islet  
Javier Conter  
Jean-Pierre Lestat  
Melba Proust  
Muller White  
Murray Jones  
Philippe Linscott, Jr.

THERE MOST CERTAINLY  
HAD BEEN A LESTAT DE  
LIONCOURT ON THE TAX  
ROLLS IN LOUISIANA.

DEED

44473

IN FACT, IN 1862  
HE HAD TAKEN  
POSSESSION OF  
A ROYAL STREET  
TOWNHOUSE.

SOMEBODY NAMED LESTAT DE  
LIONCOURT OWNED HOUSES ALL  
OVER THE CITY RIGHT NOW.

SOME WERE CLEARLY  
UNINHABITABLE AND  
FALLING TO RUIN...

...BUT THE REST WERE RENTED BY  
A LOCAL AGENCY WHICH MADE  
PAYMENT TO AN ATTORNEY IN PARIS.



THIS WAS MORE THAN  
JESSE COULD BEAR.  
SHE CABLED DAVID  
FOR MONEY.

SHE MUST *BUY OUT* THE  
TENANTS IN ROYAL STREET,  
FOR THIS WAS SURELY THE  
HOUSE ONCE INHABITED BY  
LESTAT, LOUIS, AND CLAUDIA.

THEY MAY OR MAY NOT  
HAVE BEEN VAMPIRES...

...BUT THEY LIVED *THERE*!

THE TENANTS LEFT CHEERFULLY WITH FISTS  
FULL OF CASH. AND EARLY ON A MONDAY  
MORNING, JESSE WALKED INTO THE EMPTY HOUSE.

DELICIOUSLY DILAPIDATED: THE OLD  
MANTELS, MOLDINGS, DOORS... ALL THERE!

WITHIN AN HOUR SHE  
HAD UNCOVERED THE  
BURNT TIMBERS!

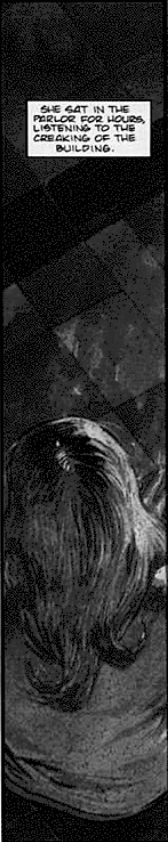
AND THE PLASTERERS HAD  
STUFFED THE HOLES WITH  
NEWSPAPERS DATED 1862.  
THIS FITTED LOUIS'  
ACCOUNT *PERFECTLY*.

OF COURSE, JESSE TOLD  
HERSELF SHE WAS STILL  
SKEPTICAL, BUT THE  
CHARACTERS OF THE  
BOOK WERE BECOMING  
CURIOUSLY *REAL*.

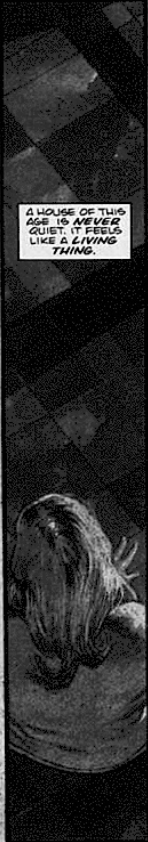
LOUIS HAD DESCRIBED A  
FIRE IN THESE PARLORS  
IN WHICH LESTAT HAD  
BEEN BADLY BURNT.

WELL, JESSE WOULD  
FIND OUT.





SHE SAT IN THE  
PARLOR FOR HOURS,  
LISTENING TO THE  
CREAKING OF THE  
BUILDING.



A HOUSE OF THIS  
AGE IS NEVER  
QUIET. IT FEELS  
LIKE A LIVING  
THING.



NO GHOSTS HERE,  
NOT THAT SHE  
COULD SEE,  
ANYWAY.



YET SHE DIDN'T  
FEEL ALONE.

SHE WENT BACK TO WORK WITH NO CONSCIOUSNESS OF TIME, OR THAT SHE HAD NOT EATEN--

--OR THAT SHE WAS GETTING DROWNY.

THE STEAMER WAS HEAVY, AND THE DRONING NOISE OF THE THING BOTHERED HER.

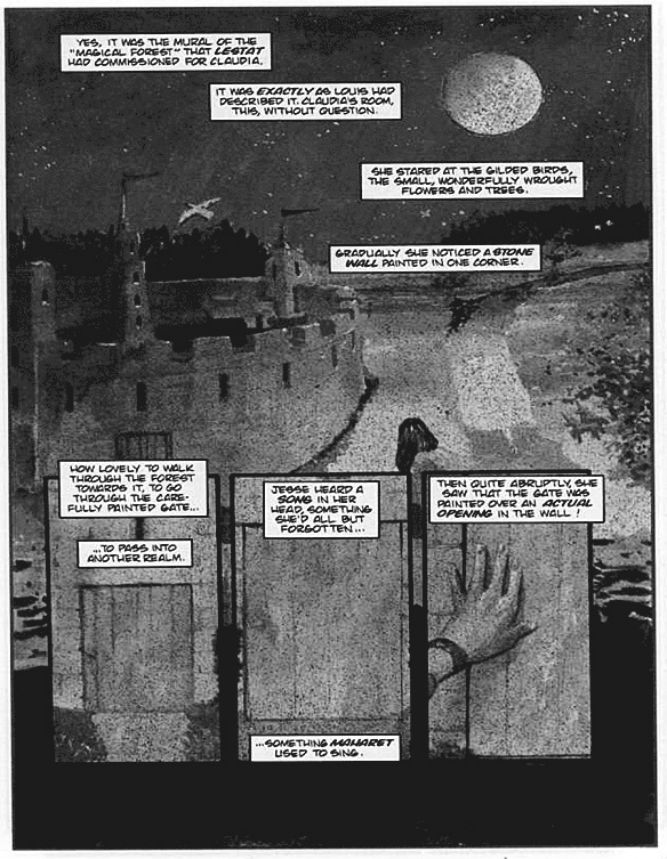
SHE SEEMED TO HEAR VOICES IN IT... PEOPLE LAUGHING, TALKING TO ONE ANOTHER, AND A CHILD CRYING-- OR WAS IT A WOMAN?

ON AND ON SHE MOVED THE HEAVY THING UNTIL QUITE SUDDENLY IN THE MIDDLE BEDROOM, SHE FOUND WHAT SHE'D BEEN SEEKING--

--A HAND-PAINTED MURAL ON A BARE PLASTER WALL.

FOR A MOMENT, SHE WAS TOO EXCITED TO MOVE.

THEN SHE WENT TO WORK IN A FRENZY.



YES, IT WAS THE MURAL OF THE  
"MAGICAL FOREST" THAT LESTAT  
HAD COMMISSIONED FOR CLAUDIA.

IT WAS EXACTLY AS LOUIS HAD  
DESCRIBED IT. CLAUDIA'S ROOM,  
THIS, WITHOUT QUESTION.

SHE STARED AT THE GILDED BIRDS,  
THE SMALL, WONDERFULLY WROUGHT  
FLOWERS AND TREES.

GRADUALLY SHE NOTICED A STONE  
WALL PAINTED IN ONE CORNER.

HOW LOVELY TO WALK  
THROUGH THE FOREST  
TOWARDS IT, TO GO  
THROUGH THE CARE-  
FULLY PRINTED GATE...

...TO PASS INTO  
ANOTHER REALM.

JESSE HEARD A  
SONG IN HER  
HEAD, SOMETHING  
SHE'D ALL BUT  
FORGOTTEN...

...SOMETHING MARGARET  
USED TO SING.

THEN QUITE ABRUPTLY, SHE  
SAW THAT THE GATE WAS  
PAINTED OVER AN ACTUAL  
OPENING IN THE WALL !







September 21, 1836

This is my birthday present from Louis. Use it as I like, he tells me. But perhaps I should like to copy into it those poems which strike my fancy, and read these to him now and then?

I do not understand entirely what is meant by birthday. Was I born into this world on the 21<sup>st</sup> of September or was it on that day that I departed all things human to become this?

My gentleman parents

are forever reluctant to illuminate such simple matters. Louis looks puzzled, then miserable. And lastly, he smiles and answers with a shrug: "It was the day you were born to us."

Of course, he gave me a doll as usual, the replica of me, which--as always--wears a duplicate of my newest dress. What should I do with it? Play with it as if I were really a child?



IS THERE A  
MESSAGE HERE, MY  
BELOVED FATHER? THAT I  
SHALL BE A DOLL FOR-  
EVER MYSELF?

He has given me thirty  
such dolls over the  
years. Each doll has been  
exactly like the rest.

I love them, sooner or later,  
I smash their china faces with  
the poker. I watch the fire  
eat their hair.

And now he has brought  
me another. I wish that  
I could hate him.



DO YOU  
LIKE WHAT YOU  
SEE?

WOULD  
YOU WANT THEM  
IF YOU WERE  
ME?



YOU  
DON'T WANT  
THEM  
ANYMORE, DO  
YOU?

*The expression on his face grew darker. Never have I seen him look the way he looked.*



AM I  
BEAUTIFUL  
TO YOU?



ANSWER ME!  
LOOK AT ME. WHAT  
DO YOU SEE?

I LOVE  
YOU!



COVER HER  
FACE; MINE EYES  
DIZZLE; SHE DIED  
YOUNG.

*Cover her face;  
mine eyes dazzle;  
she died young.*

*Webster it is, I am  
almost certain. One of  
those plays that so  
loves. I wonder... will  
Louis be pleased by this  
little poem? I cannot  
imagine why not. It  
is small but very  
pretty.*



HER HEAD THROBBED, BUT  
IT DIDN'T MATTER.

SHE MUST NOT FAINT HERE.  
SHE MUST GET UP SOME-  
HOW. SHE MUST TAKE THE  
BOOK AND THE DOLL AND  
THE ROSARY AND LEAVE.

CALL DAVID, YES, CALL DAVID NOW.  
BUT THE PHONE WAS RINGING. AT THIS  
HOUR, IMAGINE, THE PHONE RINGING.

SHE TRIED TO IGNORE IT, BUT  
IT WENT ON AND ON RINGING.  
ALL RIGHT, ANSWER IT!

BE RIGHT  
BACK, MY  
DARLING.





WHERE WAS THE DAMN  
PHONE IN THIS FLAT,  
ANYWAY ?

IT WASN'T CONNECTED.  
SHE COULD SEE  
IT WASN'T CONNECTED.

YET IT WAS RINGING, SHE  
COULD HEAR IT, AND  
IT WAS NO AUDITORY  
HALLUCINATION --

--THE THING WAS  
GIVING OUT  
SHRILL PULSES  
AFTER ANOTHER !

ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE SEEN  
THINGS LIKE THIS BEFORE.  
DON'T PANIC, FOR THE  
LOVE OF GOD. THINK !

BUT SHE WAS ABOUT  
TO SCREAM. THE  
PHONE WOULDN'T  
STOP RINGING !

IF YOU PANIC, YOU WILL  
LOSE CONTROL UTTERLY.  
THIS ISN'T REAL.

NONE OF THIS  
IS REAL !

JESSE!

NO!

NOT REAL.  
NOT THERE.

GET THE DOLL,  
THE BOOK,  
THE ROSARY!

NOT REAL.  
ILLUSION.

RUN!

SHE WAS SICK BY THE TIME SHE  
REACHED THE HOTEL. SOMEONE HELPED  
HER TO HER ROOM, TO HER BED.

IT WAS DARK WHEN SHE OPENED  
HER EYES AGAIN. THE PAIN IN  
HER HEAD HAD WOKEN HER.  
THIRST, TERRIBLE THIRST.

SOMEONE ELSE WAS  
IN THE ROOM.



THEY PULLED HER OFF  
THE ASSIGNMENT.

JESSE ARGUED. SHE  
BEGGED TO GO  
BACK. SHE THREW A  
SCENE OF SORTS,  
FINALLY, BUT IT  
WAS LIKE TALKING TO  
THE VATICAN.

IN THE SPRING,  
THEY SENT HER  
TO NEW DELHI.



JESSE SPENT FOUR  
HAPPY YEARS IN  
INDIA.

MATTHEW AND MARIA WROTE  
FROM AMERICA, BEGGING  
JESSE TO COME HOME SOON...



...AND IN THE FALL OF HER  
FIFTH YEAR, SHE FINALLY  
YIELDED. SHE WOULD  
COME HOME FOR A FOUR-  
WEEK VISIT. THEY WERE  
OVERJOYED.

THE REUNION MEANT  
MORE TO JESSE THAN  
SHE HAD EVER  
THOUGHT IT WOULD.



SHE LOVED BEING WITH  
HER ADOPTIVE PARENTS...  
AND THEY DIDN'T  
QUESTION HER ABOUT  
HER WORK.

TWO WEEKS AFTER HER RETURN,  
JESSE SAW THE VAMPIRE  
LESTAT IN THE WINDOW OF  
A BOOKSTORE.



NOT POSSIBLE... BUT  
THERE IT WAS.



THE CLERK TOLD HER OF THE RECORD ALBUM BY THE SAME NAME, AND THE UPCOMING SAN FRANCISCO CONCERT.

JESSE BOUGHT A TICKET ON THE WAY HOME.

IT WAS AS IF THE NIGHTMARE OF INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE HAD RETURNED...

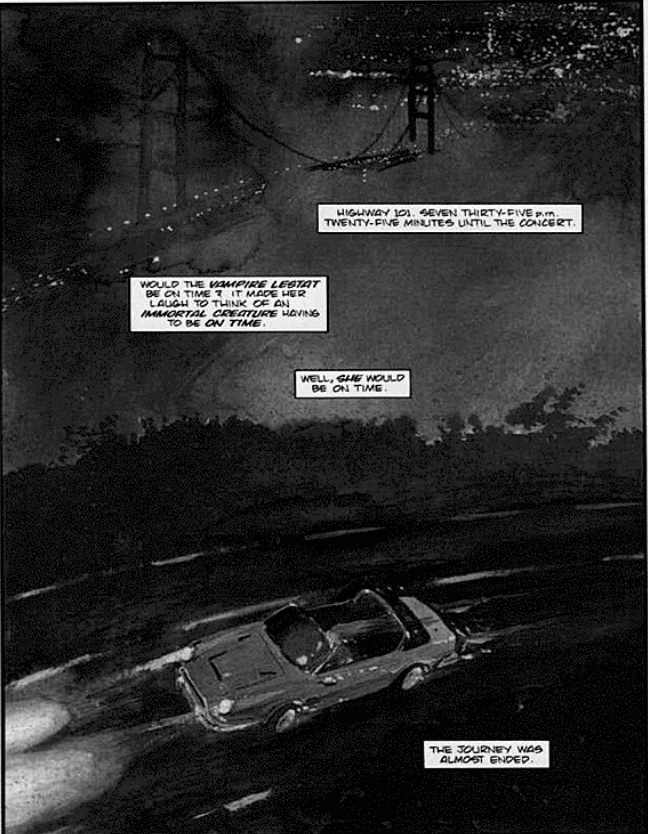
-AND, ONCE AGAIN, SHE COULD NOT GET OUT OF IT.

THE CLOCK TICKED. HER LOYALTY TO THE TALAMASCA WAS DYING IN THE WARM QUIET.

SHE WOULD GO TO THE VAMPIRE LESTAT IN SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE SHE WOULD SEE HIM AND TOUCH HIM.

SHE WOULD KNOW THEN, IN THAT PHYSICAL MOMENT, THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING.

YES, REAL. ALL OF YOU.



HIGHWAY 101. SEVEN THIRTY-FIVE p.m.  
TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES UNTIL THE CONCERT.

WOULD THE VAMPIRE LESTAT  
BE ON TIME? IT MADE HER  
LAUGH TO THINK OF AN  
IMMORTAL CREATURE HAVING  
TO BE ON TIME.

WELL, *SHE* WOULD  
BE ON TIME.

THE JOURNEY WAS  
ALMOST ENDED.